

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

Addison Spriggs in Pursuit of Happiness

By S. E. Kiser.

A mule had kicked him through a fence. And bleeding in the ditch he lay; The pain he suffered was intense, But he was proof against dismay. "Why should I mourn my lot," he thought, "Or give expression to an oath? She kicked with one hind-foot—ah, what she had landed with them both!" "There," said Addison Spriggs when he had perused the uplifting words of the poet, "is philosophy enough for any man to get through the world on with honor. To me that message shall be as a star shining in the firmament. It shall give me strength by day and guidance at night.

It was a very rainy day—one of those days when the rain comes down with no effort whatever, as if from long and steady practice—a day when everything was soaked—a day when it seemed as if everything would always be soaked. Addison Spriggs, remembering the strengthening words of the poet, hurried across the street at noon to get a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The seats at the lunch counter were very close together, and Mr. Spriggs found it necessary to wedge himself in between a fat man who drove a brewery wagon and a sad-faced young person who seemed to be mourning for some lost Lenore.

The lady who waited on Spriggs, the philosopher, deftly scooped a sandwich from a pile on a handy shelf and tossed it upon a plate which she caused to slide about seven feet along the counter and pause at the proper place. It was neatly done, and perhaps it was for the purpose of increasing the wonder of Mr. Spriggs that she attempted to deliver his cup of coffee after the same fashion. Unfortunately, however, he became possessed of a foolish fear that his coffee might pass on to the brewery

wagon driver, and he put out a hand to catch it as it came. In so doing, he struck the elbow of the young man who was yearning for his loved and lost one, causing him to lose possession of a cup of pale blonde tea which he was endeavoring to convey to his



The Seats Were Very Close Together.

mouth, the result being that most of the liquid went into his left eye. But, worse than that, the coffee which had been drawn for Addison Spriggs, being diverted from its proper course, went over into the lap of the brewery wagon man. It has been said that no man has a lap, but this man had one, and he seemed to regard it as too precious a possession to be drenched with another man's coffee. He was beginning to make an ungentlemanly protest, when Mr. Spriggs said:

"I beg you, sir, to consider the words of the poet. Take an optimistic view of the matter. Why suffer pain to fill your breast because a cup of coffee spills within your lap? It could have been more dreadful than I was—you might have got a boilerful, old chap."

The man who was accustomed to heaving kegs gave Addison Spriggs a violent push, sending him against the sad young man, who returned the compliment by deftly knocking Mr. Spriggs from the stool on which he had been perched. In order to avoid trouble Addison Spriggs tossed 15 cents to the cashier, as he was leaving the place, and by that time the feeble appetite he had possessed when he entered was gone. He therefore decided to return to his office. The elevator was crowded when he began to wedge his way in, and it was while he tried to get his umbrella into a safe position that he jabbed the end of it into the ear of a short and testy man at his right.

"Here! Whatcha doin', you Nanny goat's grandmother!" the short man demanded. "Get that umbrella out of my system or I'll punch your head."

"Yes, and quit lettin' it drip on me," directed a tall man who stood where he got more than his rightful share of moisture.

"My good friends," said Addison Spriggs, "permit me to ask you to consider the words of the optimistic bard, 'When on your head a brick descends, be not downcast, but think it well that it was not, as you passed by, a millstone that upon you fell.'"

This, unluckily, was considered an insult added to injury, and at the seventh floor Addison Spriggs was flung out of the elevator so violently that he fell upon his umbrella, ruining it and almost impaling himself.

"Optimism's a good thing till you try to practice it," he sadly said as he returned to work. (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

"As for me," he exclaimed, "I'm going down to the club to get some of your confounded smoke out of my system."

"Your smoke! I like that. Go! Hope you'll enjoy yourself. Glad to get rid of you."

He slammed the door, and walking down the front steps exclaimed to himself:

"Ha! It worked this time all right."

While his wife whispered to herself: "Perhaps it is just as well. If he had stayed home he would have wanted me to read aloud to him all the evening." (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

All's Well That Ends Well

By Thomas L. Masson.

"Wouldn't it be rather nice," said Mrs. Dimpleton, "to have a fire in the fire-place?"

"First rate," replied Dimpleton. "I'll go down and get some wood."

He descended into the cellar, and in a moment returned with his arms full. He got a newspaper and proceeded to make up the fire.

"Are you sure that will burn?" asked Mrs. Dimpleton, who was watching him.

"Of course it will burn. If there's one thing I can do, it is to make a fire. Match!"

"Better not put so much wood on. You have too much. It won't light."

"Ha! Perhaps you know it all. We'll see."

He got a match from the neighboring table, struck it, and applied it to the end of the paper. The paper flared up, a few desultory flames licked their way around the wood, died

out, brightened up, died out again, spluttered faintly—and then there was blackness."

"Told you so," said Mrs. Dimpleton, who got up and started toward the fire. "You let me—"

"I won't do anything of the sort. I tell you I know how to make a fire. That wood is green."

"I could have told you that before. You have too much."

"Now you just wait."

He took off some of the wood, scolding, however, to make it appear that he was following her suggestion, and, putting more paper in, started it up again.

There was a fair-sized flame now. Mrs. Dimpleton, however, thought she saw a way to make it better. She began poking the wood with the poker. Dimpleton couldn't stand it. He grabbed the poker away from her.

"Don't you see you are putting it out? I had it nicely started, and you had to butt in."

Mrs. Dimpleton, too much occupied with the problem of the fire, paid no attention to her husband, but grabbed the tongs and started to re-arrange it.

"You let me make up that fire," roared her husband.

"Give Me That Poker."

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Imaginary Monologues of the Mighty

By Count Leo Tolstoy.

(Transplanted by Henry Tyrrell.)

I can remain glum no longer. After 80 years of reading, writing and figuring how to appear to live down to my own hard-luck stories (which I must say have been fairly good sellers, because they make every man feel that he is a villain, and so he dutifully gives up his kopecks for my screeds, as a kind of conscience-money)—I am resolved to be up and doing somebody, I mean something, or some American newspaper, to get a laughsky.

William Dean Howells thinks I ought to do a Russian business. I think William is a Sar-Dean.

As the poetess says,—

Laugh, and the press laughs with you. Snore, and you sleep alone.

The humorists are eating up all the space nowadays, and I want to be in on that.

My first big joke, on Shakespeare, I have already sprung, and it looks like a winner. I am getting returns from it that night satisfy a boomerang-thrower.

I started in blithely, you may remember, by declaring that Shake cannot be recognized either as a great genius or even as an average author. Of course, I don't claim this remark as original. It is what they all say—about me. But note how cleverly I have turned it off on the Englishman. What?

Then I go on to show that his "Hamlet" and other star-vehicles and vaudeville sketches, are check-full of played-out quotations, and would not draw a paying house at any ten-twenty-and-thirty combination theater on the Nevsky Prospekt to-day.

I guess that will hold the bunch for a while, and give me a chance to unload my huge boiler-plate, space-annihilating machine, known as the "Tolstoy Cycle of Readings." This "Cycle" title refers to the wheels in my venerable head. The thing itself is my own private original scrap-book of 365 pages—one for each day in the year—and contains some of the best thinks from great thinkers, including largely myself, that I ever wrote. The stuff from the other fellows is printed in plain, ordinary type, like this. My own writings are

printed all in italics, so that anyone, even an Italian, will know what not to skip. Come to think of it, maybe I'd better do the skipping myself, and cut out all the other fellows' rot before I send in my copy.

So, here you have the quaintness of TOLSTOY THE HUMORISTO-VICH:

My "Motor-Cycle of Readings." February 23.—A wound inflicted by weapons may be cured, but never a wound inflicted by the tongue. There-

fore, you had better hit a man with a piece of lead pipe than tell him his necktie is off color.

March 4.—However many times you may fail, don't be a quitter. If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again. Also an insurance fire, followed by a sacrifice sale of damaged goods, may help some.

June 2 p. m.—In order to educate a man, fit for the future, to stand ahead of the present generation, it is necessary to educate him while having in view an ideally perfect man. (Note.—My portrait is run, or ought to be, daily with this service.)

Last August.—If we have not the strength, nor money, to burn and diffuse light, we should at least refrain from blowing out the gas. (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)



"William Dean Howells Thinks I Ought to Do a Russian Business."

Baked in White Tile Ovens

On the top floor of the finest bakeries in the world— The whole bakery flooded with pure air and sunshine— In these clean, appetizing places are baked—

Takoma Biscuit

Compare them with common biscuits, baked, goodness knows—Where? Yet Takoma Biscuits cost no more than the poorer kinds— It's a pleasure and satisfaction to know that Takoma Biscuits are at your grocer's in triple-sealed, moisture-proof packages—5 and 10 cents.

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Early Experiences. Some time ago an office boy, answering the telephone for the first time in his life, and not knowing how to use it, was told that when the bell rang he was to answer it.

When, therefore, he heard it ring, he picked up the receiver and shouted: "Hello, who's there?"

The answer came back: "I'm 105." "Go on," said the boy. "It's time you were dead."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a humming sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Health of Melody. After a hard day in Wall street he had been dragged by his spouse to the opera, where he promptly proceeded to take a nap. In the midst of it he was awakened by this in the most soulful accents:

"Ah! What a rich chord! Isn't it, dear?"

"Er—ah—yes—how much would you say it's worth?" he murmured.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

The Tally. "What are those notches in your gun?" asked the flirt, who was visiting the ranch.

"They represent men," replied Cactus Slim, "who thought they wuz smarter than I wuz."

"A good idea! I'll have to notch my parol handle."

A Famous Health Builder. A medicine that will cleanse the bowels and put them in condition to do their proper work unaided will do more than anything else to preserve health and strength. Such a medicine is the tonic laxative herb tea, Lane's Family Medicine. Get a 25c package to-day at any druggist or dealer. No matter what you have tried before, try this famous herb tea.

Dull. "There goes the dullest man in town."

"Is that so?" "Yes; he's the only man I know that hasn't a first-rate solution of the street car problem."—Detroit Free Press.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Dr. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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Pain and swelling seldom indicate internal organic trouble. They are usually the result of local cold or inflammation which can be quickly removed by a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Try and see.

Woman's taste for dress is so instinctive that a dairy maid could readily and becomingly change positions with a society queen.

Take Garfield Tea! Made of Herbs, it is pure, potent, health-giving—the most rational remedy for constipation, liver and kidney diseases. At all drug stores.

After having been so mad he couldn't say things a man begins to boast of his wonderful self-control.

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is here—Distemper among horses may be near also—mares are foaling—Distemper may take some of them—corn planting may be late if your horses have Distemper.

is your true safeguard—a cure as well as preventive—30c and \$1.00 bottles—25 and 50c dozen, delivered. Large is more than twice the smaller size. Don't put it off. Get it. Druggists—send to manufacturers, Sponh Medical Co., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

Omissions of History. Romulus, having built Rome, was constructing a wall around it.

"What's the use of putting a wall on the north side?" jeered Remus. "Evanston will never try to break in."

Then ensued the first boxing contest in the new city, with the result, as all the world knows, that Remus was permanently knocked out.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

As soon as a man marries, his sins decrease.

"A Little Cold is a Dangerous Thing"

and often leads to hasty disease and death when neglected. There are many ways to treat a cold, but there is only one right way—use the right remedy.

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is the surest and safest remedy known for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy. It cures when other remedies fail.

Do something for your cold in time, you know what delay means, you know the remedy, too—Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

Bottles in three sizes, \$1, 50c, 25c



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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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